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AND NEWSY.

WISCONSIN WANTS NED TEN EYCK TO COACH HER NAVY

If Western University Lands Famous Oarsman There Is Sure to Be a Shake-Up in the Next Inter-collegiate Regatta.



FROM out of the West comes a rumor that the University of Wisconsin is trying to secure Edward Hanlan Ten Eyck to coach her crews. If Wisconsin is successful look out for a shake-up in the next Inter-collegiate Regatta.

Ever since "Ned" Ten Eyck went to England, in '87, a boy of seventeen, and defeated the best scullers of England, Ireland and Holland in the Royal Henley Regatta, and brought the famous Diamond Sculls to America for the first time, he has been known as one of the best oarsmen America ever produced.

Ned was born to handle the sculls. His great-grandfather was one of the first well-known watermen in this country. His grandfather was a famous champion in his time, and still pulls an oar as sturdily as many of the college youngsters. Ned's father was a wonder, and now coaches the Syracuse University Navy. Ned's great-grandfather coached Ned's grandfather. The grandfather in turn coached James A. Ten Eyck, Ned's father. And Jim Ten Eyck passed his accumulated store of rowing knowledge down to Ned. For six years Edward Hanlan Ten Eyck rowed as an amateur, coached by his father. And in all that time he never lost a race.

He won the National championship, a single scull, twice, and the double three or four times, the Canadian championship once single and once double. He stroked the crew that won the International championship on the Harlem River in '96. In '98 Ten Eyck retired, recommended amateur champion sculler of the world, after having beaten the gauntlet of all rivals. Hercy played a great part in his success. He was taught the art of rowing by his dad, who always rigged his racing boats to a hair, bringing together comfort and the best results.

Of late Edward H. has been coaching the University Barge Club, of Philadelphia, and his work has shown him a representative of the fourth rowing generation in the great Ten Eyck family. Finally, although this, in my mind, is far from being the least of Edward Hanlan Ten Eyck's qualities, he is modest, quiet, unassuming, gentleman and a true American. I remember going to see him upon his return from the great victory at Henley. It was hard to induce him to talk about his own exertions. "Ned," I asked, "what did you think of during the race?"

"Well," he answered, just as I came out from my dressing-room to get into the boat my father said: "It's for the Stars and Stripes now, my boy." That's what I thought of until I crossed the finish line. It's for the Stars and Stripes kept running through my head with every stroke. That's why won."

TOP GANS has turned the tables on Battling Nelson and "Reaching" Nolan. Nolan wants another chance for his meal ticket. And Gans has answered. He'll fight Nelson again, at 133 pounds, 3 o'clock in the afternoon, but he must have 65 per cent of the purse, win or lose or draw. Else, this handbag Nolan cut a loose of his own medicine, and no master bowler can make him make it. When he makes it, he'll have to take it or face a new legal question, and he can't dictate his terms. There are other lightweights waiting for a chance, and some of them will draw nearly as well as Nelson.

Nolan, as it is remembered, got \$50,000 out of a \$50,000 purse in the Gans fight, win, loss or draw. Moreover, at the last moment he had called and forced Gans to give him \$2,000 out of his sum total earnings, and Battling and Nolan, the losers, drew down \$2,500 for losing.

WHEN a first-class little fighter loses his grip and his fighting strength, there is something dispiriting in his sad affair. When he "reforms," he's hard come back to life and pull up a fight that amazed all of his friends, and gives him a fresh start in the upward climb. It is a pleasant surprise. And when he "falls down" again two days later tries to drink up the wine of a particular after a forty-yard run and finds himself loose his grip again, it's a jar. A couple of thousand years ago some people wrote: "He that entereth a city is better than he that taketh a city." And there's more truth than poetry in that.

BALDWIN WON, BUT REFEREE SAID DRAW

(Special to The Evening World)
BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 24.—When referee Hector McInnes declared the fifteen-round bout between Matty Baldwin and House O'Brien at the Lincoln Hall at Cleveland, last night, a draw, he rendered about the worst decision that has ever been given in the club for Baldwin won by a knock-out.

Even O'Brien's supporters were surprised, as their man never had a look from the first tap of the gong. That he lasted the limit was surprising. In the first round Baldwin started a clean knock-down by nipping in a left hook to O'Brien's wind. O'Brien first showed signs of being tired in the fourth round and was taken a good deal of the way. In the twelfth he was groggy,

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V. K. Wellington Koo, Columbia's Chinese Athlete.



YELLOW PERIL IN COLUMBIA ATHLETICS

V. K. W. Koo, of Shanghai, China, is Latest Aspirant for Athletic Honors.

COLUMBIA OVAL nowadays has the Olympic Field beaten at its own games—it is the school of all nations. The sons of the Far East and the dark-complexioned descendants of the African jungle "get set" on the mark with the Mayflower youths of old New York.

But the most interesting aspirant for athletic honors is Mr. V. K. Wellington Koo, of Shanghai, China.

"His father is the treasurer of Shanghai Province," say the students. "His dad is one of the biggest noblemen in China. Koo's a wonder. He doesn't know Chinese. He's one of the boys. Tom's who he is trying to make the track team. And he can run, too—like a duck."

Koo is a soft-voiced, slender youth. He bears himself with the stamp of royalty. This is his second year at Columbia. He is just beginning to spread his wings.

Koo came out on the field yesterday in a red sweater and running togs. He squatted on the ground and changed his shoes. Then he took the mark.

"Not so low, Koo," cried the starter. Koo straightened up.

"Get set. Ready," cried the starter. Koo was the only one who didn't try to beat the gavel. He smiled impishly as the others came back.

"Not so low, Koo," cried the starter, and Koo was off like a flash.

But he only lasted a few strides. He moved his arms in a rough gait.

"Poor Koo," the trainer said. "He runs like a Chinaman dances. He can't keep his hands down. If he used as much energy going forward as he does in running, he'd be able to ride a horse across the record."

"But I do not care to break a record," said Koo. "I am not made to run in the open air; it makes me strong and hungry for my dinner."

Keen, the Columbia paper reporter, the spectator had ever had, has the greatest admiration for the young Chinese. He notes became a sort of every issue.

The other day the cross-country running team, led by the coach, Jim

Trainer Josh Crooks, had a dangerous fall. The team had been running in a race at the track, and the

runner who fell was Koo.

He was badly hurt.

Waterbury ran below Yonkers.

Royal Breeze closed strong.

Bohemian Four furlongs in 5:53, galloping.

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